

Tara McLean, Passenger

Have you been the broken one
Lying by the side of the road
Waiting for a good Samaritan
But no one has the time to ask,
Why are you bleeding?
And are you going far?
All the rest has left
This burden on my chest
Can you see the air is angry
Collapsing into nothing
For the soul has risen
But never has forgiven
So we stay and starve the heart to make a living
Have you seen the hungry ones
Digging in the sand
Once a sleeping passenger
Awoke into this tired land
Last chance to find out where I am
All the rest has left
This burden on my chest
Can you see the air is angry
Collapsing into nothing
For the soul has risen
But never has forgiven
So we stay and starve the heart to make a living